DRUNKENNESS CURED.

Dr. D'Unger Makes a Great Discovery—Cinchona Rubra.

The physicians and temperance men of Chicago are very much excited over a new remedy discovered by Dr. Robert D'Unger, which not only cures intemperance, but leaves the drunkard with an absolute aversion to spiritous liquors. Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, is one of the strongest indorsers of the new remedy. Mr. Medill has had many scientific articles in the *Tribune* about it, and has often devoted editorial space to make known to the drunkard that there is a simple remedy which can save him.

A reporter had a long talk with Mr. Medill about this wonderful discovery, during which he said:

"This is one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age. Dr. D'Unger has actually cured 2,800 cases of the worst forms of intemperance. He takes men debauched by liquor for years—takes a used up, demented, loathsome sot, and in ten days makes a man of him, with a positive aversion to liquor."

"You have seen the medicine tried, Mr. Medill?"

"Yes, repeatedly. Why, one of our first citizens became a common drunkard a few years ago. He fell to the lowest depths. He groveled in the dust. His wife, a lovely woman, got a divorce from him. But at the last moment, when ready to die, this man's friends tried this wonderful remedy. In four days his appetite came back, and in a week gained the use of his tongue, hands and brain. Then color came to his cheeks, and in two weeks he was a cured man. He positively hates the sight of it. His wife and children are delighted, and to-morrow this reformed and cured drunkard is to be married again to the loving wife who had to leave him a year ago."

"Is this medicine a secret?"

"No, not at all. Dr. D'Unger is a regular practitioner. He tells the secret to every one, and many of our physicians are using his discovery. I will give you a note to him, and he will tell you all about it."

Armed with Mr. Medill's note, I called on Dr. D'Unger at the Palmer House.

"You are just in time," said the doctor. "I'm just going to call on a patient now, who, though a rich man, has been a debauched drunkard for three years and a steady drinker for fifteen years. For six weeks he has been in bed as helpless as a child. His memory was even gone. He has been taking my medicine for four days."

"Is Mr. —— in bed?" said the doctor, as we gave our hats to the servant.

"Oh, no! he's in the parlor reading; walk in."

And there was this drunkard, still weak, but mentally cured. When the doctor asked him if he had any longing for liquor, he said:

"No, none whatever. I have eaten the best meal this morning that I have eaten in fifteen years. I am not mentally depressed. I am strong, and I wouldn't take a drink of liquor for the world, and ——"

"Oh, doctor!" interrupted his wife, as she took both his hands, "you have saved George; and we are so happy!" and then her eyes filled with tears of joy.

"Will that man ever drink again?" I asked the doctor.

"No. I've never had a patient cured by *cinchona rubra* return to drink again. They hate the sight of liquor."

"Now, doctor," I said, "what did you give this patient? or, in other words, tell me in plain English what your medicine is, how you prepare it, and how any one may give it so as to cure an habitual drunkard—I mean a drunkard with inflamed eyes, trembling hands, bloated body, and intellect shattered by habitual drinking."

"My medicine," said the doctor, "can be bought at any first-class drug store. It is red Peruvian bark (*cinchona rubra*). Quinine is from the yellow bark (*callisaya*). Now there are eighty varieties of this bark. I use the bark from the small limbs of the red variety. Druggists call it the quill bark because it comes from twigs about the size of a quill."

"How do you mix it?"

"I take a pound of the best fresh quill red Peruvian bark (*cinchona rubra*), powder it and soak it in a pint of diluted alcohol. Then I strain it and evaporate it down to a half pint—so it is a pound to a half pint. Any one can prepare it."

"How do you give this medicine?"

"I give the drunken man a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue between the doses the first and second days. It acts like quinine. The patient can tell by the headache if he is getting too much. The third day I generally reduce the dose to a half spoonful, then to a quarter spoonful, then down to fifteen, ten and five drops."

"How long do you continue the medicine?"

"From five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases to thirty days. Seven is about the average."

"Now, please tell me the philosophy of this medicine—why it cures drunkenness, and how you happened to make the discovery."

"Well, first you must understand that intemperance, first a habit, finally becomes a disease. It becomes a disease of the nerve cells, or if talking to a physician, I should say it becomes a disease of the sensorial ganglia. I found, by dissecting the brain of a man who had died of delirium tremens, that the cells of the quadrigeminal body, or the cells that send the nerves to the eye, were in an unnatural state on the outside, while within the nerve cells themselves I found a yellowish, yeasty-looking deposit.

"Now, I asked myself, what is this yellow deposit and what causes this abnormal look of the cells? Now, if I drink milk," continued the doctor, "or eat food, it will take it four hours to pass through the digestive organs, be taken up in the blood, and be passed to the nerve cells, from which the brain is fed; while if I drink alcohol it will go straight to the nerve cells in three minutes. This shows that alcohol is not digested. It is not food. It is a poisonous fluid electricity, which goes over the sensitive nerves as electricity goes over a wire, straight to the outside of the nerve cells, which it stimulates artificially, when they should be stimulated through the blood.

"If the spirit part of the alcohol," continued the doctor, "were digested like soup, the kidneys and liver would extract from it its poisonous properties as they extract the injurious salts from our food, and this poison would never reach the brain. Once stimulated unnaturally by a poisonous substance like whisky, the nerve cells call for larger and larger doses, till by and by a man can drink two quarts of whisky or eat seventy grains of morphine a day. *Cinchona rubra* stops the call for alcohol."

"Does not red Peruvian bark and alcohol both stimulate the nerve cells? Then why can one cure the other?" I asked.

"Well, alcohol is a fermented, distilled stimulant, with poison in it, while my medicine is a natural stimulant, containing no poison; so my medicine stimulates the nerves, and, not being poisonous, allays inflammation—that is, it holds the cells open until the morbid deposit is forced out, and the cells accustom themselves to receive their stimulus naturally through the arteries. It stops all cravings for alcohol."

"Please explain the passage of food and poisoned alcohol to the brain again?" I said.

"Well, when a man drinks alcohol it goes, like electricity, straight to the nerve cells; thence to the eye, through the optic nerves; then to the brain, making a man talk lively; then to the spinal center, limbering the back; then to the muscular system; and, when it finally gets to the stomach, he vomits. Food goes just the opposite way. Food goes to the stomach first, then into the blood, then to the heart, and finally through the arteries to the brain."

"Then red Peruvian bark stimulates and builds up the nerve cells until they begin to receive nutrition from the blood?"

"Yes; that's it. The only credit I claim is in making this discovery and discovering the location of the disease known as dipsomania."

"How did you discover the red cinchona bark would cure drunkenness?"

"Well, I first discovered it down in Maryland twelve years ago. An account was published in the *Sun* at that time. I had a case of a drunkard, Bill Stevens, who also had intermittent fever. It was a hard case of fever, so I tried red Peruvian bark instead of quinine. To my surprise it not only cured his fever, but he never wanted to drink whisky afterward. When he went into a saloon and the boys asked him to drink, Bill said: 'I can't, boys. That dogon red bark the doctor gave me not only killed my fever, but it spoiled all the whisky in Maryland for me.'"

"What conspicuous cures in Chicago can you refer to, doctor?"

"Well, Dr. S. B. Noble. He had the alcoholic disease. His nerve cells were poisoned. He was once president of the Illinois Dental Association. He got to be a hard drinker. His mind began to be affected, though a scholar and a gentleman, beloved by everybody. He tried red Peruvian bark three weeks ago. He's a well man now, and everybody in Chicago looks at his cure as a miracle. Dr. Noble knows it was a disease, and don't object to be referred to."

I am satisfied that if the physicians in New York will give Dr. D'Unger's discovery a trial they will do more for temperance in a year than Gough and Murphy have done in all their lives. It is the first remedy ever discovered that kills the disease and the inclination to drink at one and the same time.

WALKER'S GOLD.

A Californian Who Claims to Know All About the Spoils of Twenty Churches.

[Correspondence of the Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.]

My attention was called to an article in yesterday's *Herald*, copied from the *Herald* of New York, concerning a vast amount of treasure alleged to have been buried in Nicaragua by the great filibuster chief, William Walker, who was publicly executed at Truxillo in Honduras in October, 1859, nearly twenty years ago. The writer hereof knows something of that treasure, and personally examined it, and in lieu of five mule-loads there were five tons of it. It is well known that the most horrible of wars was the burning and pillaging of Granada by Gen. Hennigsen, under Walker's orders, in November, 1856. The churches, some twenty or more, immensely rich in plate and jewels, were secretly despoiled, and their great booty was safely stowed away on board a Lake Nicaragua steamer before the doomed city was given up to pillage. What became of the immense spoils has been a mysterious secret, and was so regarded by the filibusters at the time. It was worth millions. To allay suspicion as to its true disposition, Walker gave out that it was shipped to New Orleans to be disposed of on account of his government, and that the proceeds thereof would be used in purchasing military supplies. That spoil was buried, and to my own personal knowledge, the officer who had it in charge and commanded the squad that guarded it, now lives in San Bernardino. He informs me (and we have frequently discussed the matter) that, under the immediate supervision of Walker, he and five other officers and about twenty men buried that treasure in the village of St. George, on Lake Nicaragua, under a room in the house wherein the booty was so sacredly guarded. Walker exacted the most solemn oath of secrecy, giving sufficient gratuities, and promising future rewards to the whole party if they would faithfully guard the secret of the hidden church spoil of the burned city. Inside of a month the whole party who were in the secret, save my friend and informant and two or three of the officers therein engaged, were sent away on a feigned expedition; were given out as deserters; were pursued by a large party of cavalry, and, by Walker's order, shot to a man when overhauled by the pursuing party. Soon thereafter, at a desperate battle fought at St. George on the 16th day of January, 1857, the last man of the party who assisted in burying the church spoil, save my friend of San Bernardino, was killed, and in such a way as to confirm in the mind of my informant the opinion that all had been killed by Walker's order, and that the general intended to be the only custodian of the secret of the hidden treasure. Although my informant was a faithful and trusted officer, high in Walker's favor, still the prompt and tragic ending of his comrades and sharers in the dread mystery produced such an impression on his mind that he at once deserted. He carried the secret with him, and yet has it, and he is the only man living who knows where the Granada booty lies hidden, and he don't know. And why not? Well, the spoil was burned in December. In January the enemy, by a forced march, possessed themselves of St. George. Walker took position at Rivas, three miles distant, and, within the next three months, utterly exhausted his army in his vain endeavors to repossess himself of the insignificant village that contained this immense wealth. In the terrific encounters that ensued the village was razed to the ground. This the writer hereof knows, because he fought through all of those engagements. Walker, exhausting his strength at St. George, as before stated, and having fought his last offensive battle on the 23d day of March, was besieged at Rivas, and in May following was forced to capitulate, was expelled from the country, and in his second endeavor to reenter it was captured by a party of British marines on the Rio Negro in Honduras; was tried, condemned and shot, as stated at the beginning of this brief sketch. No other member of his expedition was shot, not even the Lion Sam or his cousin Ned, because neither of them were there. Capt. ——, our San Bernardino man, on deserting, made his way to Panama, and, a few years later, induced the owner of a schooner to accompany him to San Juan del Sur (St. George being twenty miles inland), and try to unearth and convey the plate and jewels to the schooner, and get away with it. Now, my friend knew well enough the house in which the interment was made, but, to his surprise and mystification, a new village, phœnix-like, had risen from the ashes of the burned and razed one, and he was completely lost as to the locality of the house wherein he expected to unearth, without difficulty, so great a prize. They rented every house on the street, and probed the earth in every conceivable and inconceivable place, until the captain was led to disbelieve his own identity and lost faith in everything. Finally he and his companion became objects of suspicion, were arrested, and considered themselves fortunate in escaping with whole hides from the country. In discussing the question of locality, the writer said to the captain:

"Why, captain, I well remember the house where you guarded the church plate, and, by George, I could spot it."

"So thought I," said he, "but it is not the same town, and should you revisit the place you wouldn't know it, much less the house. There is only one way to find the treasure," continued he, "and that is to dig ditches all over the place until we strike it; and what good would it do you or me? The government would take it away from us, and would in all probability dispose of us with less formality than did Walker all those who displeased or crossed him in his plans."

Concerning Farming.

There is no denying that there is a strong prejudice among young men against farming. Young men raised on the farm look forward with bright anticipations to the time when they shall leave the farm and go to the city to live. They look upon farming as a work of the hands and not of the brains. It is manual labor and associated with ignorance. They believe it requires little education and no study to be a farmer. So they say to themselves that they will leave this drudgery to ignorant persons, and go to the city and study a profession. Even old farmers often wish for some occupation for their sons which they deem more desirable. They would have the brightest of their sons become lawyers, doctors, or preachers. Now, this is a great mistake. There is as much field for the exercise of intelligence, and for study in the cultivation of the soil as in any of the professions. The man who thinks he can successfully operate a farm on the traditional methods and theories of his ancestors alone, will find he is as much mistaken as if he were to attempt to practice law on the Justinian code. A young man will find use for the highest education our colleges can give him in the operation of a farm. Even the classics, which are looked upon as the frills of education, may do him good service. Thoreau got his recipe for making bread from Marcus Porcius Cato. We would encourage young men choosing a profession to not look lightly upon farming. We know of no profession that promises as large returns in wealth, health and fame. An example of the value of education and study on the farm is John Allen, of Michigan, the author of "The Blessed Bees." He was studying at the agricultural college, at Lansing, when his father died, leaving to his family a well-stocked farm of sixty acres. He went home to take care of it. He found there several hives of bees, which his father had kept as blessed companions, and to produce honey enough for the family. He studied hard and worked diligently, and by his careful and intelligent industry cleared $3,776.72 on his bees alone. He found a well-kept orchard of ten acres, which had been his father's pride. He read all he could find on the cultivation of fruits, and mastered the art so completely that this was the source of great profit to him also. He has set an example of what brains and hard study can do on a farm. The *Drainage and Farm Journal* furnishes another example of the advantages of what it calls "gilt-edge farming:" "Mr. Aaron Jones owns a farm near South Bend, Ind. He cultivates part of it, and the rest is cultivated by renters. This season he and two renters planted from the same seed-corn, and there was little difference in the soil of the three fields. At gathering time Mr. Jones had a purchaser for 1000 bushels of corn. The field of his own cultivation he priced at 33½ cents a bushel, the next at 30 cents, the next at 25 cents, remarking that it was immaterial to him which field he chose at the prices named. The choice of the 33½ cent corn was readily made. This is not all. The field of his own cultivation yielded 75 bushels to the acre, the next best 45 bushels, and the poorest 35. Mr. Jones says that his success was largely, if not wholly, owing to the condition of his land, it being thoroughly pulverized before planting, and the corn carefully cultivated, continuing the cultivation through the harvesting of wheat." The period of inflation and speculation did most harm to the country in attracting young men to the cities to earn their living by wits instead of by the sweat of their brows. One of the blessings of the present hard times will be that it will send men back to the farms to earn their living. Men will soon see that they can make a living by farming, if they make nothing more. Some time ago the writer met a young man who had been clerking in a hardware store in this city, and asked him what he was doing now. He replied that he was farming the land of a well-known citizen which lies some miles from the city. He had been getting forty dollars per month at the store, which was a small living in the city. He now had a good living, and worked no harder than he did at the store. Besides he expected to have something laid by at the end of the year. It does not require much capital to go to farming in this country. We wish to call the attention of young men to this subject. The salvation of this country lies in its soil, and every earnest man can find there a solution to the problem of how to get a living. We would advise farmers, young or old, to read more. Take a newspaper, and take all the agricultural papers and publications. Read during the long winter evenings. Read during the wet summer days. Read at all times and seasons. Money thus spent will bring large returns.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"SAW wood! Saw wood for my dinner!" said a tramp, with a look of horror. "Not much I won't. It is'nt that I object to labor. I yield to no man in respect for that God-given privilege of earning my sweat—I mean sweating my earnings—that is to say, breading my earn by the brow of—you know what I mean. I am ready, nay, anxious to work. Give me some hay to spread, right out here on the snow. Show me where there is a stone wall to lay—behind. Anything but helping in the most distant way to devastate the the mighty forests of this broad land that the Almighty meant should gather moisture and induce the reviving rain to fall upon the dry earth. Why, do you know that this continent is doomed to become an arid desert if this destruction goes on! It's a fact, and I won't be a party to it. No forests, no rain—everything dry—dry as I am. I decline the responsibility for it. Tell me you've got some coal to carry in, and I'll see if I can't send you a cheap boy to do it, but no wood-sawing for me, if you please."—*Exchange.*

BLACK & CO., of Philadelphia, have concluded a contract with the Mexican government to build a railroad from Matamoros to Laguna Madre, a distance of about one hundred miles. The same firm has also a contract for building a canal of sixty miles through the lagoon. The railroad and the canal are to be finished in two years.

"MAMMA," said a wicked youngster, "Am I a canoe?" "No, child, why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe, and I didn't know but maybe I was yours?" The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

—An Indian living near Colbert station got drunk on Jamaica ginger Friday evening, and came very near choking his squaw to death. The neighbors took the unfeeling wretch into the woods, tied him to a tree, and gave him thirty lashes on his bare back.—*Denison News.*

AMERICA WHITE is the name of a colored woman in Kentucky, and Africa Black is the name of a white woman in Ohio.

EVERY boy should have a trade of some sort, if it is nothing but a trade-dollar.—*Ex.*